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WORONI

Journal of the Canberra University College Student Association
NOVEMBER 2, 1950 Annual Subscription 1/-

College
end of year
BALL

LATEST PROFESSORIAL ACQUISITION

H. W. Arndt for Economics Chair

The decision of the College Council to appoint Mr. H. W. Arndt to the Chair of Economics, deserves the highest commendation. In making, what may be considered a controversial appointment, the Council has shown that unlike the Adelaide authorities when faced with a similar appointment, it has not allowed political prejudice to override academic qualifications.

Professor Heinz Wolfgang Arndt comes to us from the University of Sydney. The salient features of his academic career are: Studied at Oxford, where he shared digs with Professor Clark, gained first class

honours in Modern Greats (Politics) 1936, Bachelor of Letters, 1938, awarded the Leverhulme Research Studentship at the London School of Economics in the same year. In 1941, Professor Arndt became research assistant to the R.I.A., and during this period produced the widely read "Economic Lessons of the Nineteen Thirties." From 1943 to 1946 he was assistant lecturer at Manchester and during that period obtained the degree of Master of Arts, Oxford. In 1946 he was appointed Senior Lecturer in Economics at Sydney.

A question has already been asked in Parliament concerning the appointment. Mr. W. McMahon (Liberal member for Lowe) asked if it was a fact that Prof. Arndt had actively associated himself with opposing the Communist Bill, was a member of the Fabian Society and had strongly associated himself with the nationalisation of Banks. This question is significant for two reasons. Firstly the allegations are substantially true and secondly the questioner is a recent graduate in Economics from Sydney, who studied under Mr. Arndt.

Prof. Arndt is a leading member of the Fabian Society research group, which has been responsible for the pamphlets: "The Case for Bank Nationalisation," "Towards a Socialist Australia," "Towards a Free Press."

As an economist Prof. Arndt may be called a left wing Keynesian, that is, on objectives which allow
Continued on page 7

The Red



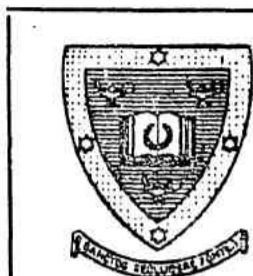
*Menzies
Frenzies
on Communism
Averts A Liberal-C.P. Schism
While Inflation
Grips the Nation*
—R.W.

*Economist Arndt
Can't
Escape a mention
For his invention
Of the Heinz Group
Of Socialist soup.*
—D. G. N.

. . . . Bill



*Chifley
Swiftly
Preferred Realism
to Idealism
When Caucus
Got Raucus*
—R.W.



WORONI

Published every 2nd Wednesday, vacations excepted

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TONY POWELL

DICK WOOLCOTT

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Bill Morrison, Mick Walsh.

EDITORIAL

LOOKING BACKWARDS

The academic year having finished, most of us are lost in a multitude of books and intense speculation about the approaching examinations. But the exams will pass. Then the long vacation and after that a brave, new year.

For the College this year has been one of tremendous importance. Of course coming-of-age is a landmark, but for our College, 1950 has been more than a chronological year.

As far as student life is concerned, we must weigh the obvious disadvantages to be overcome, with the year's achievements. The great majority of students are part-time. Encumbered by the labours of the day and the academic pursuits of the night, little time is permissible for relaxation. Unlike most universities, "student apathy" in Canberra has some justification. Yet the year's achievements indicate that justification has not been an excuse for inertia. One in ten students contributed to Woroni; one in six participated in the Revue; Prometheus has just been published and the Commencement Ball at the beginning of the year was the largest ever held. The W.S.R. appeal resulted in the highest per capita donation of any Australian University.

In another sphere the College has been fortunate in the membership of its Council. In lamentably few cases has the lottery of political appointments resulted in a body of men with the ability and character that our Council possesses.

Though it is outside our province we might add that the College has been very fortunate in obtaining the services of such distinguished scholars as Professors Burton, Crisp, Clark and recently Professor Arndt. The reputation of a University depends upon its teaching staff and its graduates. The former we are quickly acquiring, the latter of necessity can only manifest itself in the future.

[This Editorial was written by the Secretary of the S.R.C. in answer to our request for a review of the activities of the current year.—Eds.]

The editors wish to apologise to the Student Body for the delay in bringing out this issue of Woroni. The Federal Capital Press has been over-burdened with work and an earlier issue would have further delayed publication of "Prometheus"

In the China Shop...

The cover of the 1949 edition of the Melbourne Herald's Yearbook was bright red. This year's cover is Royal Blue!

★

It doesn't pay to have bright ideas in Canberra. One of the lecturers in the married division occupies a single room in Lawley, his wife is elsewhere. The room is sufficiently large to house two, so the lecturer decided to take the matter up with the Department of the Interior. The aged one behind the desk agreed that the suggestion had some merit: "Hadn't thought of that before, but I am afraid that it is a matter for ministerial approval. If you should receive approval (which is very unlikely), the room will then be no longer a single room, and it will have to be vacated and given to the persons who head the double accommodation list."

★

If you have been looking for something to ride lately, contact the Warden of Gungahlin. He owns the town's newest bike.

★

Pleasing to see that the Christians are waking up to modern power politics. The local S.C.M. group had the results of the annual election typed for "The Canberra Times" four days before the annual meeting.

★

About this time next year the economists in our midst will be saying "we Arndt going to pass."

★

One of our distinguished Professors dreamed that he was talking to a class. He woke up to find that he was.



... with the Bull

AT THE CINEMA— ITALIAN CLASSIC

"Bicycle Thieves"

Directed by Vittorio de Sica and featuring Lamberto Maggiorani and Enzo Staiola. Currently showing in Sydney.

For the Italian film director, Vittorio de Sica, a bicycle becomes a vehicle in more than one sense. Around this simple object de Sica weaves a tale of a father and his child more powerful than *Sorel and Son* and more human than the film presentation of Edward, My Son.

The story is remarkably slender. An unemployed man is offered a position if he can provide himself with a bicycle. His wife pawns the household sheets to obtain sufficient money to redeem the old bicycle and her husband then sets off on his rounds as a bill-poster. The cycle is stolen and the remaining three quarters of the film is concerned with the search of the father and son for the bicycle.

The title is perhaps a little misleading in that it diverts, for a time, the attention of the non-Italian speaking audience from the real intention of the film. An early interpretation which suggested itself to me was that of the relativity of human wants and the significance of seemingly unimportant things in the search for human happiness. It is the appearance of the child and the imperceptible focusing of the relation between him and his father that serves to dispel the earlier impression, and as the search for the bicycle progresses we become consciously aware of the bond that binds the father and son.

De Sica tells us that "Bicycle Thieves" was born of a great desire to tell a human and simple story. The story he chose—a father's undemonstrative, but no less sincere love for his son and its reciprocation—is indeed human, and the manner in which it is told, delightfully simple. One cannot help thinking of the highly emotional and dramatic presentation that

would possibly have issued from a Hollywood studio. Accustomed as we are to such heightening for effect, one often feels that "more



Lamberto Maggiorani (right) and Enzo Staiola in a scene from "The Bicycle Thieves"

could be made of that scene" and we involuntarily become directors. But then we ask ourselves is not the simple, the unembellished, more telling? Vittorio de Sica provides the answer in a film which will remain in the memories of those who are privileged to see it, for a long time. W.L.M.

AUSTRALIAN ATTEMPT **"Bitter Springs"**

Directed by Ralph Smart and featuring Chips Rafferty and Tommy Trinder.

This film does nothing to justify the high hopes of Australian film patriots raised by Ealing's first Australian production of "The Overlanders."

It is both pretentious and symptomatic of the growing pains of the Australian film. The "Overlanders," authentic and real, and "Bush Christmas," (also made by Ralph Smart) with its utter simplicity, were polished films. But we can't leave it at that! Simplicity is all very well but haven't we something more to offer? And so along comes "Eureka Stockade" playing with political philosophy and now "Bitter Springs" raising the racial question. If these important issues are to be raised then one feels that they should be earnestly treated.

The pioneer family on reaching their new land, find it occupied by a tribe of aborigines, who, naturally enough do not understand that they can no longer live on the land that they have known for centuries. Friction develops and they are driven off. They return and blockade the family water supply and are defeated only by the timely arrival of government troopers. The attempts, first to ease the tribe off the land, and then to drive them off, having failed, the panacea, suitable to all of course, is assimilation. The boys put on pants, throw away their spears and work for the white boss and everybody's problems are solved!

Apart from this the pioneering theme is rather flat. The effects of the blistering sun, the fear of thirst, the wonder of their adventure, the awful loneliness of their life and their inescapable irritation with one another — features, one would expect, of a 600 mile trek and all good cinema material—are hardly treated at all. Cast and sheep are in fine condition throughout, notwithstanding 36 hours without water.

The photography is excellent, particularly the scenes of the rugged country and those of animal life, which will be of particular interest to overseas audiences.

Chips Rafferty is, as usual, Chips Rafferty. Gordon Jackson is credible enough and Tommy Trinder grapples with an impossible part.

R.W.

TIME AND THE TIDELESS STREAM — A STUDY OF JUDITH WRIGHT

by T. Inglis Moore

Poetry and philosophy, as a rule, make uneasy bedfellows. It is an event when they mate harmoniously. The work of Judith Wright is such an event—and none the less so because it happens to have occurred in Australia. It will probably be accepted, by the time the Commonwealth has moved on from jubilee to centenary, as one of the most important events in Australia during our last decade.

At first sight Judith Wright seems to be mainly a pure singer, so lucid that he who runs may read with delight. Yet, looking deeper, we see that generally her purpose is not only to sing—which she has always done effortlessly—but also to fuse the abstract-idea with the concrete image. If poems like "The Moving Image" link her with such a philosophical poet as FitzGerald, other pieces, like "Winter Kestrel" and "The Maker," immediately suggest Mary Gilmore by a lyrical simplicity as clear as a whistle. All three poets, too, have this in common: unlike the many lyrists who have described the scenes of our country in verse merely descriptive, they go beyond the outward sight to an inner vision, giving our local habitation a wider meaning. Essentially philosophical, they evoke the universal.

Where FitzGerald, for instance, hears the inescapable voices of the past beat in the rain, and Mary Gilmore ascends with the wild swans to heights of space and cosmic Maker, Judith Wright tosses the dust from the airfield up to galaxies of wonder glowing from Tom of Bedlam, recalls Hector in a trapped dingo, sketches a bull, as "a curled god, a red Jupiter," and leaps from a city asleep to "the eyeless beginning of the world."

In her first book it is Time, that constant preoccupation of the modern poet beset with change and war's mortality, Plato's "moving image of eternity," that forms the basic theme. Stated explicitly in the title piece, it is also imaged implicitly in many other poems:

We are caught in the endless circle
of time and star

That never chime with the blood;
we weary, we grow lame,
Stumbling after their incessant pace
That slackens for us only when we
are

Caught deep in sleep, in music, or
a lover's face.

But, just as FitzGerald in his "Essay on Memory" turns our subjection to the past into a strengthening of sinews for an ultimate affirmation, so Judith Wright breaks out from trammelling time to the madman's passionate song and man's creative effort.

In such poems as "The Hawthorn Hedge," "Nigger's Leap, New England," and "Country Town" a sense of the traditional past gives living significance to the scene. This is best, I think, in her evocation of old Dan and the country of her childhood:

South of my day's circle I know it
dark against the stars, the high
lean country
Full of old stories that still go walk-
ing in my sleep.

Like David Campbell in his ballads, naturally and without any Jindy-worrobakian self-consciousness, she "humanises our landscape," to adapt a fit phrase from Professor Chisholm.

In the collection *Woman to Man*, which came out last year, the poet moves from Time to Night, from a Heracleitean stress on change to a Parmenidean sense, akin to Brennan's, of the abiding "elder night" encircling our hearts. We are drawn into a world of darkness as she cries:

So let my blood reshape its dream,
Drawn into that tideless stream;
That shadowless and burning night
Of darkness where I find my sight.

This night is all pervasive, though felt most strongly, perhaps, in the darkness of the unborn child where lies "the blind head butting at the dark" in that powerful, exquisite lyric "Woman to Man." It is the darkness of the soil, the womb, and the flood, of pain and war, and death: a darkness made visible,



JUDITH WRIGHT

Now that Yeats has gone . . .

pressing on our eyes with a personal intensity. But the affirmation, characteristically Australian, remains. The poet moves from midnight to the sun, and the blackness is lit by stars, honeyed by the camphor-laurel. The soil brings forth the seed and flower, the womb the child, the flood the survivor man, death and seasonal birth. In this ancient ritual of earth's rituals, Manichean, the universal becomes imaged in the highly personal way only possible to the true poet with an individual imagination. The images, made of earth's stuff, never startle with strangeness like those of Hart Crane or Emily Dickinson or Shaw Neilson, but are deeply satisfying because they ring true and emerge freshly.

In language and form, too, Judith Wright uses older modes in a personal, original manner, so that we do not say that her work is either traditionalist or modern. It is just pure poetry, unmistakable in quality. Like Mary Gilmore again, she can convert the simplest of words and plainest of stanzas to a rich freshness by force of personality and intensity of emotion. We

Continued on P. 7.

REFLECTIONS ON BUYING A PAINTING —“CHILDREN AND PIGEONS”

Elaine Haxton. Earlier this year I purchased one of her paintings. My co-editor has invited me to write an article on the artist and her work. This I cannot do. If you expect to learn the arid facts associated with the artist and her work, if you want her 'classified', if you want her development traced, if you seek an analysis of her technique, all so that you can speak glibly about her work at the Social functions you attend, then look elsewhere for your superficial contact with her.

This is no more than an account of some my own feelings on art, which are diametrically opposed to this same matter-of-fact approach, and my vital personal contact with one of Miss Haxton's works.

Criticism of Art must be subjective. We stand before a picture and there is a spontaneous feeling about it. Then in answer to the eternal "why", we fall back on rationalization to explain our feelings. D. H. Lawrence once remarked that "ours is a conscious age. We know so much and feel so little". How right he was! Why are we unable to accept our feelings for what they are? Why do we have to rationalize? It is because we know so much. We must know just why we think this or why we think that about a work of art and so we rationalize. We are so caught up with the elements of materialism and Scientific method which have seeped through to us, that we are almost afraid of our feelings. We just cannot accept them.

Art does not fit into the Scientific system of cause and effect. It prings from a source which science cannot yet understand: the vitality of our creative emotions. So here is the dilemma. We are rational animals. Oh yes. We have the rational approach and scientific method and logic thrown at us from our first day at school, and so we are afraid of our own intuition and our own instincts. We are so afraid that we must reject and suppress them or we must rationalize until we drag them into some sort of conformity with the great god Science. Poor dark mysterious soul; we just cannot leave you alone.

The appeal of art is essentially emotional and essentially personal, and the gibe bandied about among the "culturally sophisticated", "I don't know much about art but I know what I like", is not contemptuous as they would have us believe. Perhaps Punch's character, who knew everything about art but did not know what he liked, is the pitiable creature.

One feels that the whole thing is not quite honest. That something is wrong, that one is being hoaxed by these critics. Although one cannot deny that varying subject matter demands varying degrees of skill and technique, although one is aware

that art can be classified and that it has a fascinating history, this suspicion of the whole setup remains.

Why is this work of art considered to be classic? We do all admire (or pretend to) the Venus de Milo and The Last Supper? Why do the tourists passing through the galleries of the Louvre cluster around the "Mona Lisa" and bestow only a passing glance on "La Madonna aux Rochers" which used to hang beside it (I have seen them do this). It is due to this consciousness again. A pseudo-science of artistic appreciation has been established complete with pseudo-botanical classifications and all. And we accept it! We derive our concept of beauty from it and from our superficial contact with classical Greek and Renaissance Art,

rather than trust our own intuition. "Oh yes, the Mona Lisa is divine, it's beautiful" We know it is, but do we FEEL that it is?

An artistic mode is accepted and what then? Along come your Van Goghs, your Matisses, your Picassos and your Henry Moores and break away from the established tradition. They cannot be classified and so they must be attacked. The men who know so much about art rarely have the magnanimity to expand their inelastic concept of 'good art'. They cannot admit they are wrong without being unseated from the pedestals they themselves have mounted and so after a bitter battle these confused and shallow little charlatans or their descendants if the former are particularly obstinate create another category. They enlarge their classification system!

So this is the hoax. Our responses are trained and conditioned. We hide from ourselves the spontaneous, intuitive, emotional impact of a work of art behind the shield of conventional artistic taste. Taste in Art! Oh HELL! Taste in ties; taste in sports coats, but taste in something as dark and irrational as beauty: taste in a FEELING, never! It is self-deception and this is why we are uneasy. We are not being true to our feelings. Beauty cannot be empirically deduced or defined or pigeon-holed, it has to be FELT. Thus the most ignorant

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"Children and Pigeons" (Venice) by Elaine Haxton.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY . . .

THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT

Sirs.—Miss Crichton's criticism of Bertrand Russell's lecture, *Ferment in Asia*, and her attack on the Institute of International Affairs for sponsoring his visit raised many questions. One is grateful for any intransigent questioning of the eminent and respectable; but, as we hardly recognised what Lord Russell had said in Miss Crichton's account of it, we offer our recollections — for correction if necessary.

1. Lord Russell did not say that he believed that "the scepticism and individualism inherent in the Chinese character will . . . make Chinese Communism a form of Titism; He referred to Chinese scepticism and individualism only after he had pointed out that Chinese Communism had in a large measure developed independently of Russia, and had given reasons why the interests of China and Russia are likely to diverge.

2. To distinguish between "Communism" and "Russian Imperialism" does not commit anyone to "the theory of pure Communism" (i.e., the theory that you can understand Communism without examining its history). Lord Russell founded his distinction upon his historical evidence (he cited Lattimore's work). His historical reasoning may have been defective, but it was *not* metaphysical.

3. Lord Russell did not "claim to be a supporter of self-determination"—that is, an *unqualified* supporter. He supported self-determination provided no higher claim (e.g. the maintenance of Western Civilisation) over-ruled. As Malayan bases, Malayan produce are important in the economy of the Western powers, Lord Russell justified our denial of self-determination to Malaya. The question whether we have sufficient strength to remain in control there raises other issues. We simply cannot understand why such an approach should be called "unrealistic."

4. Lord Russell did not advocate birth-control as a panacea, if "panacea" means a remedy that

can be applied at will by governments. He argued that *either* the Asian birth-rate must fall, *or* many Asians must starve; that if the birth-rate is to fall, birth-control must be adopted; that it will be very difficult to get birth-control adopted, but that industrial development, together with encouragement by Asian governments would do much. He did not, it is true, mention cultural or religious opposition to birth-control. It is, however, very difficult to believe that either Asian culture or religion would be seriously threatened by it, or that opposition to its propagation would be more considerable than it is in Christian countries.

If Miss Crichton's account of what Lord Russell said on these points is correct, then we admit her objections; if not, they miss what is at issue.

On several less important matters (e.g., "There seemed little connexion between the Turks knocking at the gates of Vienna, for example, and a serious and worth-while discussion of Chinese Communism") Miss Crichton seemed to us not mistaken, but unfair. These, however, we pass over as presumably in a spirit of good, clean fun.

Finally, on Miss Crichton's attack on the Institute for sponsoring Lord Russell's visit; her advice, if accepted, would certainly guide the Institute's choice away from anyone not a specialist in some field or other of international affairs. The Institute, after inviting an ignoramus like Lord Russell, might even have the cheek to foist on us another—perhaps Einstein! Even at the price of an occasional Northrop, we are inclined to prefer its present policy. We concede, however, that learned rather than eminent visitors might be invited (there must be hundreds among American Ph.D.s) more to the taste of a "reasonably advanced undergraduate."

Medical Dick and Medical Davey

LEO'S

THE CLOSEST CAFE TO
THE COLLEGE

Miss Crichton replies . . .

Sirs.—I take it that *Medical Dick* and *Medical Davey*, like myself did not take down a shorthand account of what Lord Russell said, so that while I endeavoured to reproduce his line of thought as exactly as I could, it is possible, I concede, that some errors may have crept in.

However, that does not affect the main point I raised against Russell's statements on China. I was objecting strongly to a method of argument which refers to "scepticism" and "individualism" as being "*inherent* in the Chinese character." While in drawing room talk it might be fashionable, and even permissible, to talk in these vague generalisations, we surely require that the academician should be more exact.

Secondly, I was suggesting that a distinction between Communism and Russian Imperialism must take some account of the fact that Communism as a political system might exist to-day only *in theory*. The imperialistic trends of Communism in this decade certainly seemed to be neglected by Russell.

Thirdly, the authors of the above article have fallen, I think, into the same trap as Russell, when they speak of his not being an "unqualified supporter" and of a "higher claim." In other words, they have apparently missed the whole point of my criticism of Russell, which was on the grounds of his being unacademic, of being an advocate and policy pusher instead of a critic rearing important issues. If one is going to speak of "justifying our denial of self-determination to Malaya," then the justification must refer back to something. That something in this case, "the importance of Malayan bases and Malayan produce to the Western powers," may be worthwhile on a realpolitik view but not on the curiously ethical view which Russell was trying to support in other parts of his paper. In other words, Russell is *not* a supporter of self-determination for he denies the principle when the issue is really important.

Continued on P. 7.

Reflections on Buying a Painting

Continued from P. 5.

labourer or the most primitive savage may register a more genuine response when confronted by a painting than a critic who is likely to prefer a clever effect to an honest description of his feelings.

And now for Miss Haxton; at least her painting "Children and Pigeons". It is only proper that one should state one's ideas on art before attempting to discuss the work of an artist. Having done this there is little for me to say. Miss Haxton's artistic progress, the influences behind her work and her development of a distinctive style, although interesting and necessary for a complete understanding of her work, have no influence on my feeling for "Children and Pigeons." Besides these things have been discussed in some recent books on Australian Art by authors who know much more than I about them.

"Children and Pigeons" made a tremendous impact on me as soon as I saw it. I felt its beauty. I knew instinctively and intuitively that I wanted it, and so I purchased it, although I had never previously bought a painting and although I knew little about art.

What does it mean? Why do you like it? Why? Why? Why? These were the questions all asked, and at first I was confused. I tried to explain but found that I was rationalizing, deceiving myself, judging by the false standards I had collected and I realized with horror that I was attempting to explain away my feelings.

A feeling can grow and deepen and clarify in time. As I have lived with my painting, certain aspects have come into focus and I feel that I can attempt to give an account of these without either explaining them away or having recourse to a ready made theory of art.

There is a symmetry of design about the picture which appeals to me. The eye is drawn in a circle, the arcs of which are the right arm of the girl on the left, the pigeons (top), the left arm of the girl on the right, and the feet (bottom). Then there are the faces, so sensitive so expressive and all so different. Each one tells a story. The heavy classical limbs and the wedge like feet, lend the picture solidarity and vi-

Our Astrology correspondent sees in the future

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION YEAR'S END BALL

at The Gloucester, Friday, 15th December, 1950. Tickets 15/- per double will soon be on sale from: Elizabeth Courtney, Carol Schneider, Lorelee Carstens, Ray Perciva', Gordon Low, Bill Morrison. Enquiries F405.

tality, and reveal a power of expression, which differs from the more sensual beauty of expression. But both are felt. There is a timeless quality about the picture too. Above all there is the colour which is so rich and yet so soft and which sets the senses afire. The many browns, the touches of sienna and umber that compose the burnt background, the striking olive green pants and the ice blue dress of the central figures, the use of these same colours in different tonings on the pigeons thus more intimately relating them to the whole; these are the sensations that flow into my mind.

These are my feelings and the best one can do, and retain his honesty, be he critic or layman, is it to give a reasoned account of his feelings. Thus what matters is that we have the perception to really know what we feel and the courage to express these feelings honestly.

Richard Woolcott

A Study of Judith Wright

Continued from P. 4.

get at times the stripped terseness achieved by Yeats in his later poems, curt and monosyllabic, yet free and flexible in rhythm. The second book marks a trend, from free to regular verse forms, especially to compressed quatrains. The rhythm is tightened up, sometimes held clenched to tautness—as in the assonantal "Flame - tree in a Quarry":

From the broken bone of the hill

Stripped and left for dead,

Like a wrecked skull,

Leaps out this bush of blood.

Yet other verses, like "Wonga Vine," and "Stars" lilt lightly, with rippling cadence, melodious as McCrae.

Always, indeed, the thought moves to a spontaneous, fit music, since beat and tone alike come from that strength of feeling that makes all Judith Wright's work distinctive and puts her best lyrics among the finest written in the language to-day. Now that Yeats has gone, is there any English poet singing more purely and strongly than this girl from New England?

Miss Crichton Replies

Continued from P. 6.

The view I castigated as being "unrealistic" was that the Malaysians could be brought to realise that they must distribute their goods from a "world viewpoint." *Medical Dick and Davey* should know what

the term "unrealistic" means, it means *dictating to the facts*, or seeing in a situation *what one wants to see in it*.

On the much hackneyed subject of birth control, I merely suggest once again that the advocate finds himself in a different position when two of his policies conflict,

- (a) birth control for the Asiatics with Western ideas of social science and industrialisation.
- (b) preservation of Asian culture and religion in all its glory.

I am not particularly concerned about either, but I suggest the supporter of both had better think about the problem a little more.

So far as Einstein is concerned, his visit here would no doubt be of great benefit, provided he spoke on his own particular field and not, for example, on the problems of Asia. His lectures would then, of necessity, be for small academic audiences, for it is hardly likely that he could explain his theory to the man in the street without being inexact, and there seems to be no good purpose served in perpetuating error in the minds of the public. Surely this is the argument against those who advocate public meetings as a means of advancing education?

Jill F. Crichton.

LATEST PROFESSORIAL ACQUISITION

Continued from first page.

for some choice between private and public mechanism for their attainment, the latter will be favoured. Typical of the "Fabian blue-printers," Prof. Arndt is somewhat doctrinaire. Nevertheless his sound knowledge of modern economic theory and the significance of its application to such spheres as banking, public finance, business activity, international trade, will enable him to exert a considerable influence upon his students, and in the long run upon the public service.

—W. L. M.

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LOOKING BACK ON THE HOCKEY SEASON

by Mick Walsh

With a number of new recruits to swell its ranks the C.U.C. Hockey Club again fielded three teams in the local competition.

THE A TEAM, with practically the same line up as last year, had a mixed season. Some of its wins were the result of high class hockey, some of its defeats could only be attributed to lack of "team spirit." The team finished in third position at the end of the minor rounds, a creditable performance, but was defeated by Waratahs in the first semi-final. An infusion of younger players is required next season if we are to win an A Grade pennant.

As the C team in previous years had proved too strong for the other teams in that division, the Association acceded to our request to play two teams in the B Division. The performances of both teams during the season fully justified this move.

The FIRST B TEAM, captained by Mick Walsh, finished in second position behind Barton at the end of the minor rounds, and won the Premiership by defeating Barton in the Grand Final.

The SECOND B TEAM, led by Doug Hill, finished sixth on the premiership ladder. This team put up some excellent performances during the season, and could quite

easily have finished in the final four, had it not been weakened by the shortage of players during vacation. Some of our "new recruits" playing in this team were showing excellent form at the end of the season.

Further afield, the Club also had a modicum of success: The annual trip to Sydney at the King's Birthday week-end for the S.C.A.D. Shield matches, coincided as usual with the "wet season." On the Saturday we defeated Armidale, but unfortunately the Monday's games were washed out. In August the Club visited Goulburn for the C.S.H.A. Carnival and was successful in carrying off the "Black" Cup.

Members of the A team to gain places in Canberra representative teams were: D. Dunn, J. Starkey, D. Travers, G. Newman and R. Osborn.

The two cups which we now hold (and which we would display in the Students' Common Room if we had a suitable show case ! !) must be defended next year, and this, it is hoped, will provide some incentive for next season's teams

CRICKET

UNIVERSITY IN SUB-DISTRICT SUCCESSFUL IN OPENING GAME

This year the College Cricket Club has been forced to play in the Sub-District competition because of the A.C.T. Cricket Association's decision to run the competition on a

district basis. This is unfortunate and perhaps unjustified when the performances of the College teams in both B and C Grades last season are taken into account.

In the opening games of the season the College defeated Canberra Grammar School.

University 106 (Gratten 31, Kyburz 27) and 4/114 (Garrett 65; Russell 3/51) d. Grammar 67 and 7/100.

COLLEGE AVERAGES LAST SEASON

1st XI.—BATTING

Name	R.S.	Inn.	H.S.	Av.
Johnston	183	4	108	61
Gratton	392	9	125	49
Hoyling	52	2	29	26
Currie	300	8	73*	43
Stewart	147	8	35	21
Traves	131	10	29	13
Osborne	101	9	32	13
Stibbs	114	10	27	13
Freiberg	86	8	25	12

1st XI.—BOWLING

Name	Ov.	Wkts.	Rns	Av.
Traves	9	6	60	10
Cruse	40	19	205	11
Cottingham	93	31	376	12
Currie	44	17	207	12
Chapman	10	3	39	13
Freiberg	36	17	237	14

2nd XI.—BATTING

Name	Inn.	Rns.	H.S.	Av.
Osmond	6	236	81	39.3
Johnston	6	129	50*	25.8

2nd XI.—BOWLING

Name	Ov.	Wkts.	Rns.	Av.
Hume	—	12	63	5.3
Brown	60	17	222	13.1
Wallis	65	31	521	16.8

* Indicates not out.

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